

SON OF MINISTER CERTAIN TO WIN

If Hughes Succeeds He Will Be the First Baptist-- Wilson Presbyterian.

Washington, Nov. 8.—Whoever wins the presidential election, the United States is certain to be governed during the next four years by the son of a preacher.

If Charles E. Hughes should win, however, the Baptist church, for the first time since the republic was created, will have a representative in the white house. There never has been a president who belonged to the Baptist church.

As a rule the presidents of the United States have been christian believers. Of the twenty-seven a few, notably Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Johnson, were not connected with any church, but their intimate biographers record them as believers in the christian faith. Thomas Jefferson is described as a liberal and non-sectarian. Andrew Johnson most frequently attended the Methodist church, of which his wife was a devout member.

Most of the presidents have belonged to the Episcopalian church—especially the earlier presidents. Of the first ten presidents five were members of that church. Washington was a devout communicant and many years a vestryman in his parish. It was only natural that the religious predilections of the early presidents should tend toward the Episcopal church, the church of England, for the first census—that of 1790—showed that 82 per cent. of the population of the United States was of English birth and straight English extraction.

PRESIDENTIAL AFFILIATIONS.

The churches and affiliation of the twenty-five presidents, excluding Jefferson and Johnson, were:

Reformed Dutch—Van Buren and Roosevelt.

Episcopalian—Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur.

Unitarian—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore and Taft.

Presbyterian—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Wilson.

Methodist—Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

For the first time the candidate of a great party belongs to a church that has not been represented either in the white house or by a party candidate. Mr. Hughes has been a Baptist not only from early boyhood, following the teaching of his father, who was a Baptist minister, but he has been perhaps more ardently and actively associated with the workers of that faith than any former president has been with any church organization.

"Gets-It" Never Fails for Corns!

There's Nothing on Earth Like It For Corns and Calluses.

"Whenever you get corns and calluses, don't experiment—just use 'GETS-IT' and nothing else. Easiest and simplest thing to use—just a few drops on in a few seconds—'GETS-IT' does the rest." The old way is to bundle up your toes in harnesses and bandages, use salves that make toes raw, cotton rings that make your corns pop-eyed, knives and "diggers" that tear your heart out and leave the corn in. No wonder they make you limp and wince. Forget all these—use "GETS-IT," the simplest corn remedy in the world. Easiest to use, never fails or sticks, painless. Your corn loosens, then you lift it off. You can wear smaller shoes.

"GETS-IT" is sold and recommended by druggists everywhere, 25c a bottle, or sent on receipt of price, by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.



Sold in Hopkinsville and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by L. L. Elgin.

Wear Shoes That Fit Use "GETS-IT" Tonight

RECRUITING STATION CLOSES

Officer Mills Goes to Evansville to Take Another Assignment.

The local recruiting station established here several months ago for the purpose of securing men for the United States regular army was closed Tuesday night and Recruiting Officer Mills left yesterday morning for Evansville. The order to close was received from the recruiting depot at Evansville. About half a dozen recruits have enlisted at the local station since the opening.

"MICROBE OF LOVE."

"Microbe of Love" has captured our Medical Fraternity. Why? Because they are a classy body. When they heard how luxuriantly "The Auditorium of Carnegie" would be fitted up by this wonderful little "Microbe of Love," they immediately got busy, and asked for a permit to hold their monthly meetings there. The Library board, Civic League, and clubs generally have granted permission, provided they would all be inoculated next Friday evening, Nov. 17, at Union Tabernacle.

Regions having a semiarid climate can produce alfalfa successfully in nearly all types of soil and through a wide range of temperatures.

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WILBUR R. SMITH BUSINESS COLLEGE
Its President has years of experience in mercantile and banking business, also 40 years educating 20,000 young men and women for success. 208 East 10th, Kansas City, Mo.



Glad News for Sad Feet

A Complete Line of Remedies

It's hard to think of any ailment more annoying than foot troubles. Every step you take is a constant reminder.

But there are now a number of good remedies on the market for affording quick relief. And the price, in most instances, is very reasonable.

We have a fresh stock of all the best known corn plasters—bunion pads—foot bath tablets—foot powders—and other preparations.

We also can supply you with salves—liniments—disinfectants—adhesive plasters—bandages—etc.

J. O. COOK
DRUGGIST

A Woman's Loyalty

By GEORGE MUNSON

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

When Dyer was made manager of the company the employees knew that changes were coming. Dyer was a small-minded man, and the new president was a man of the same type. Efficiency was to take the place of good-will.

"It isn't that I'd care, ordinarily," Dora, said Lawson, the chief executive, to Miss Henderson, his stenographer. "I've got three thousand saved. But I reckoned on three years more before I could start for myself. Now—"

There was a big question tagged to that "now." For Dora and Jim Lawson had been engaged a whole year, though nobody in the office suspected it, and they had planned to be married the next vacation.

"He'll overreach himself," said Dora calmly. "He thinks he knows everything—and he knows nothing."

"He hates me," said Lawson. "I guess I'm slated to be retired."

So events proved. Dyer sent for Lawson a few days later, and Lawson came out of the office very white and began gathering up the papers on his desk. Dora, seated near him, understood.

"Tomorrow," whispered the chief executive.

"The small-minded beast!" said Dora angrily.

She went into Dyer's office after luncheon. She was half incoherent with anger. Lawson had been with the firm nine years, and she and Lawson knew every detail of the office work.

The manager was dictating as she entered, and Dora heard a few words, enough, however, to make her realize that the company's fight for the patent rights had come to a head. She entered, but Dyer neither looked up nor offered her a chair.

"And as we stated in our letter, quoting that of the patent owner—"



Dora, Seated Near Him, Understood.

he began. Then, "where is that letter?" he asked.

"Mr. Lawson has it," said the stenographer.

The manager telephoned and learned that Lawson had gone home. Lawson's work for the company had ended. And Dora's heart gave a great leap. She knew where that letter was. It was the most important letter that the company possessed, though the new president had never had the sense to understand how much hung upon it, nor Dyer either. Dora saw Dyer suddenly turn white.

"We must get him at once," he said. "Well, Miss Henderson?"

"In discharging Mr. Lawson," said Dora, "you have lost the services of your most useful man. And I won't stay."

"I intended to ask for your resignation tomorrow," sneered Dyer. "Now I discharge you instead. You can get your money at once and go."

Dora clenched her fists and choked down her sobs. "All right, Mr. Dyer," she said, "but I have one thing to say to you. When the new management took things over I had charge of that letter about the patent. It was placed in my hands by Mr. Atterbury a week before he died. It wasn't filed among the other letters. Mr. Atterbury knew that some day there would be thousands of dollars dependent on it. And you won't get it."

"Eh?" blustered Dyer. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," answered Dora. "That letter was placed by me in a certain part of the office, among certain papers, and it'll take the whole force just a month to find it. Think you can wait a month, Mr. Dyer?"

"What the—" began Dyer. Then, checking himself. "See here, Miss Henderson, do you realize that this is blackmail?"

"No," answered Dora. "I have not asked you for anything."

"But you imply that you refuse to hand over that paper unless you are reinstated."

"Nothing of the kind," said Dora. "I wouldn't work for a man like you."

I wouldn't work after Mr. Lawson had gone."

"Think a mighty lot of Lawson, don't you?" jeered Dyer. "Now, see here, young woman, my stenographer has been taking down every word you have said, and unless you divulge where you have put that paper I'll call a policeman."

"But that won't give you the paper," answered Dora.

Dyer looked at her in despair and tried a new tack.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"It isn't for sale."

"You are an employee of this company. It is your duty to deliver it to me. That is what you get your salary for. If you refuse you can and will be arrested."

"I am no longer an employee of this company," retorted Dora. "You have just discharged me."

Mr. Dyer glared at her. "Well, what are your terms?" he demanded, with a ferocious scowl.

"A three years' contract for Mr. Lawson," answered Dora.

"You're crazy!" shouted Dyer, rising. "Do you think I am going to be blackmailed in this way?"

"Evidently not," answered Dora. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dyer. One moment, please. If you put your hand on me I shall have you arrested."

Dyer glared at her in baffled bewilderment. And at that moment Lawson himself appeared at the door.

"Good-day, Mr. Dyer," he said, holding out his hand. "If there is anything I can do to clean up before I leave—"

"I'm wise to this game!" snarled Dyer. "You pretended that you had gone home and sent this woman—this woman—in here to blackmail me."

Lawson stepped forward, his face set, his fists clenched. But Dora intervened.

"I have just been discharged, Mr. Lawson," she said, "and Mr. Dyer wants that paper referring to the contract which Mr. Atterbury thought would some day have value. You remember I have often spoken of it to you."

"Ah, yes," said Lawson vaguely. "Where is it, Miss Henderson?"

And the tone of his voice was so obviously sincere that Dyer realized his theory of blackmail had fallen to the ground.

"Mr. Dyer has discharged me," pursued Dora, "and consequently I have no further duty toward this office. He will get it in return for a three years' contract with you to remain chief executive."

"He will, will he?" shouted Lawson in a rage. "Well, I guess he won't. I've just called up the Smith-Benson company and accepted a position as their manager at just 50 per cent more money."

Dyer turned deathly white. "Good Lord!" he gasped. For the Smith-Benson company was their most dangerous rival.

"If you like to reconsider, Lawson—" he began.

Lawson turned away, offering Dora his arm. Dora turned.

"You'll find that paper in the third drawer of your desk, Mr. Dyer," she said. "Yes—under the false bottom. I had it made. Good afternoon."

Side by side Lawson and Dora left the office. But in the street he took her in his arms and—yes, kissed her. A boy who was passing grinned, but neither cared.

"I guess, dear, that since I don't start in on my new job for a month we'll take that vacation now," he said.

Primitive Life in Hawaii.

Steps are being taken at once to preserve the fast-vanishing remnants of the picturesque Hawaiian native life. There are now but few places in the group of islands where the old primitive conditions may be found, but it is now proposed to set aside a considerable area of forest land a few miles from Hilo, Hawaii, the second city of the territory. Here will be established a real native community of the ancient type; grass houses will be erected and all of the tropical trees and fruits indigenous to Hawaii will be carefully cultivated. The natives will be settled in the reserve under certain wise restrictions and every encouragement will be given them to dwell together in the ancient native fashion. Here will be carried on the making of tapa cloth and the beautiful calabashes which now command high prices among connoisseurs; the weaving of the exquisite headgear and mats from the leaves of the pihala tree will be undertaken and every effort will be made to provide a park which will not only restore the old conditions of native life, but prove an immense attraction to tourists.

Gold You Can See Through.

Gold, which becomes so important in war time, is an extremely interesting substance in many ways.

It can be beaten so thin that 125,000 leaves of it piled on top of one another would only reach an inch in height. When beaten into the thinnest possible sheet it becomes transparent.

Gold, too, can be drawn into the finest wire of any metal. Michael Faraday, the great British chemist, once calculated that he could make a gold wire from four sovereigns long enough to go around the earth.

It is because gold can be beaten so thin that tobaccoists are able to use real gold for tipping cigarettes, and yet not charge an exorbitant price for them.—Pearsons.

Might Forget It.

She—Mr. MacScrubb says he's going to give me one of his pictures for a wedding present.

He—Never mind, dear; don't worry. He may forget all about it.—Sketch.

NEW CROP Sugar House -MOLASSES- Fine as Split Silk. PURE COUNTRY SORGHUM Made Right Here in Good Old Christian.

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MADISONVILLE MAN DEAD

Discovery of Hat Leads Search That Ends With Recovery of Will-Coleman's Body.

Madisonville, Ky., Nov. 8.—Will Coleman, of this city, was found dead in a well at a brickyard here to-day. He leaves a widow. He was a brother-in-law of James Brown, former City Clerk of Madisonville. The finding of a hat led to the discovery of the body.

Congress has appropriated money for experiments looking to the increase of production of sugar-beet seed in the United States.

War conditions in Europe have resulted in a very noticeable falling off in the importations of birds, particularly canaries.

CITY TAXES!

Pay your City Taxes now and avoid penalty and final rush.

6 per cent. penalty goes on December 1st, 1916.

W. R. WICKS,
Commissioner of Finance.

PURELY PERSONAL

Barksdale Hamlett, who still claims this as his home, came down from Elizabethtown to vote the Democratic ticket.

Mrs. W. S. Davison returned Monday night from a visit to her daughter, Miss Ellen Davison, at Danville, Ky.

Rev. Milton Hall, of Texas, is visiting his brother, Mr. W. H. Hall, near the city, after an absence of 13 years.

Col. A. M. Henry and Capt. J. W. Riley, of Newstead, have been summoned as jurors in the Federal Court at Paducah on the 20th.

Prof. R. S. King, of Oxford, Ala., arrived in the city yesterday, having been called here by the serious illness of his little daughter, who has diphtheria. Mrs. King and child have been here a few days on a visit to Mrs. King's mother, Mrs. F. C. Hille, and the little one was taken ill shortly after its arrival.

Miss Berthine Bartley has returned from a visit to friends and relatives at Gracely.

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In connection with our Loose Floor we have competent men to strip your tobacco at a reasonable cost.